

sirable improvement. Nay, I am certain that I have met with some of them, during the little time I have been in England, who (according to their years) were as capable of thinking, and of understanding what is what, as their papas and mamas, or as the greatest Philosopher and Divine in the whole country! There's little *Tommy Alworthy*, and pretty Miss *Notable* for that, deny it who dares.

Look at them, here they are. One is busy in sewing, and the other in bestowing alms.



But

But before I proceed any little scholars, perhaps, will know who I am. Give me leave to tell you then (though if you tell me you have done it already in the title) I am an under-secretary to a great and virtuous giant *Instructio*, governor of the *Enchanted Castle*. We are desirous to know more of you. Mr. Newbery, at the Corner of the Church-Yard, will give you the information, when you apply to him for this diverting little book.

But to return to myself, may I behold me in the front of this little book. If I could, I should boast of the beauty of my face, but I am far from having an opportunity to cite my vanity on that score. I am ashamed, however, to confess that I am a strange out-landish fellow, with a flowered gown, and a long blue beard on my chin, and a wand in my hand. But they will not think me ugly, despise me